

ANOTHER ARREST IN GIRL'S KILLING EXPECTED TO-DAY

Police Plan to Make It Following Funeral of 10-Year-Old Victim.

MAY SOLVE MYSTERY.

Prenderville Held Without Bail—Admits He Exhibited Three Pistols.

Another arrest, which the police believe will completely clear up the mysterious murder of ten-year-old Theresa McCarthy in her home, No. 583 Morgan Avenue, on Tuesday, is expected to be made to-day, following the little girl's funeral and burial in Calvary Cemetery. The police were most guarded as to the identity of the person upon whom their suspicions have fallen.

Benjamin Prenderville, a roomer in Mrs. McCarthy's apartment, who has a police record extending back eight years, was arraigned to-day before Magistrate Coleman in Bridge Plaza Court, charged with the murder in an affidavit made by Detective Thomas Devery. Prenderville was held without bail for examination Jan. 5.

It was Prenderville who discovered the body of the child when he came home from work in the Brooklyn Post Office on the evening of Dec. 26. She had been shot with a 22-calibre revolver. When first questioned Prenderville denied that he ever owned a revolver and also that there had ever been such a weapon in the McCarthy home. Later, however, he admitted



BENJ. PRENDERVILLE

that a 22-calibre revolver had been discovered in his bed. This pistol, he said, belonged to him and had been under his pillow when he left the house that morning.

Also he said that he had three pistols, which he had shown to visitors at the McCarthy home on Christmas night. Aware of his police record, he said, he took the three weapons and threw them in a lot at Orient Avenue and Olive Street. A search of the lot, continued to-day, failed to disclose any of the weapons. Chief of Detectives Carey said that persons in the McCarthy home stated that Prenderville had more than three pistols the night he exhibited them.

On that occasion, Prenderville declared, little Theresa had asked him for the 22-calibre revolver, which he had refused her. He said he put it under his pillow that night, having heard a suspicious noise in the hallway of the apartment. He left home the following morning, thinking nothing of the pistol matter until he got home and found the little girl dead. Then, when he went to look for it, he found it at the foot of the bed instead of under the pillow where, he said he had left it.

The funeral service for little Theresa was conducted to-day at St. Cecilia's Church, North Henry and Herbert Streets, Williamsburg, by

Daring New York Diana on Thrilling Honeymoon In the Wild Big Game Countries of the Far East Describes Adventure and Record "Bag" of Lions

Mrs. Jeannette Healy Spent Two Years and Eight Months in Jungle, Bush and on Turgid Streams and She:

Took same chances as husband and a trained Roosevelt big game hunter in East Africa.

Faced fierce beasts as natives sought safety from marauding lions in tree tops. Didn't run or faint when ferocious beast approached within five feet of her at night.

Achieved heart's desire by shooting a leopard.

Capped climax when she brought down the third biggest lion ever shot in Africa, the trophy of which she is most proud.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

SITTING all alone beside a huge camp fire with a shotgun across her knees, while a band of hungry lions roamed and roared and hunted zebra in the bush about her; crouching behind a thorn fence while a huge male lion walked up within four feet of it; from a tree platform watching lionesses and their cubs play in the moonlight as a cat plays with her kittens; in a single evening killing with just two shots two full grown lions—one of them the third largest ever shot by anybody—that is Mrs. Jeannette Healy's idea of the way to spend a happy honeymoon.

Mrs. Healy is a New York girl, pretty and brown-eyed and twenty-three, who married Augustine Healy, head of a big Chicago music house. Two years and eight months ago they started on a honeymoon which should be "different." It was. Eschewing conventional Europe, the Healis followed Kipling's poetic injunction and took themselves "somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst, where there ain't no ten commandments and a man can raise a thirst."

They lived in China. They lived in a houseboat moored in far Eastern waters. They hunted bear in Tibet. They hunted tiger in India.

To put the crowning finish on their adventurous newly wedded life, they went last July to Africa to hunt lions, leopards, elephants and rhino.

They have just returned to New York, en route to their Chicago home, and it was in front of a daintily appointed dressing table at the Plaza that I found Mrs. Healy looking not a particle the worse for all her hardships. She is a frank-faced young woman, of medium height, with a supple, charmingly modelled figure, a pair of big, beautiful brown eyes and the simplest possible manner of describing her hair-raising adventures. In view of her record "bag" of lions, it was the African expedition which I asked her to talk about.

"We set out the first of last July," she began. "My husband, myself, William Judd, a most remarkable guide (the went out with Roosevelt), our gun-bearers, about twenty-five Masai porters, mules, an ox wagon and a Ford. We were going into British East Africa. We had no horses, for there had been a good deal of horse sickness about the time we started. And you get so dreadfully tired of riding—or rather walking—on a mule; its regular gait is a walk. So, whenever we could, we slipped into the Ford.

Mr. Edward McGoldrick. After the mass he made only one brief reference to the child, saying that she had been prepared for death, being a communicant and having attended church service last Sunday.

The church was crowded, mainly with children. The Angel Society, an organization of little girls, attended in white wearing white veils and green wreaths. They formed a lane from the church steps to the house where Theresa's body was carried out. It was evident to-day that the rumored reconciliation of Mrs. McCarthy and her husband, Edward P. McCarthy, who have been estranged for three years, was all wrong. When the three carriages started from the church for the cemetery, Mrs. McCarthy was in the first one and her husband in the third.

We could use it except in the roughest country.

"Our luck began when we reached the edge of the game reserve, south of Nairobi in British East. We had heard lions roaring around the camp fire for several nights; it is the most eerie sound, like nothing else in the world. No matter how often you hear it, you never cease to get a thrill. One morning my husband, Mr. Judd and myself, with our bearers, were advancing on mule-back, ahead of the porters. Mr. Judd's gun-bearer was ten feet in front of the rest of us. Suddenly he turned and whispered 'Simba!' (lion).

"We slipped from our mules and took the best cover we could in the tall grass—I was half dead with excitement. We waited a minute or two, and then we saw the lion—a male with a heavy mane. But he was too far off, and he stood on the edge of thorn bush into which it would not have paid to follow him. So we had our first look at 'simba,' and that was all.

"We kept on through the grass country and finally made our camp on the opposite side of a river, which we crossed. That night Mr. Healy and Mr. Judd decided to try to get a shot at the lions from a machan. That is a wooden platform, built in a tree, on which the hunters lie with their guns. To attract the lion a dead zebra is dragged along the ground and left about thirty feet away.

"The machan is big enough for only two at a time, so I stayed in camp. 'You have a big fire,' they told me, 'and you'll be all right.' The fire was built and the men started off, taking with them, of course, the heavy guns. I was left with a shotgun, which would not have been effective more than five feet away from a lion.

"The dead zebra had been dragged from the camp to the machan. It was pretty high—it had been killed some time before—and the lions promptly smelled it. As soon as it was dark they began circling the camp, roaring loudly. The native boys were nearly frightened to death, and all climbed trees. I was just as scared, but of course, as a white person, I couldn't afford to show it.

"Presently I heard a loud splashing and knew that a herd of zebra were crossing the river. I knew, too, from their movements, that they were being hunted by lions. I sat as close as I could to the big fire, with the shotgun across my lap. Every now and then I could see the gleam of a lion's eyes in the darkness beyond the fire. I stayed that way till after 11 o'clock. By that time all the lions apparently had found the trail of the zebra dragged to the machan and had drawn off.

"I told the men about it when they came back in the morning, and they said they had had an even more exciting time," added Mrs. Healy. "Two lionesses and their cubs were feeding on the dead zebra, near the machan, when a young male lion came up and drove off the cubs. This resulted at once in a vicious fight between the lion and the mother lionesses—a very unusual sight."

Mrs. Healy's next experience with lions came the following night, when she and her husband went to the machan. Only lionesses and their cubs visited the zebra bait that night. "And," Mrs. Healy told me with soft enthusiasm, "they were the sweetest things in the world. They leaped and played in the moonlight, and the cubs would pull their mothers' tails. I wouldn't have shot one for anything—it would have been too cruel."

A few days later they went into the elephant country, and there Mr. Healy got one of the beasts. "Then," Mr. Judd said, "We'll build a boma near the dead elephant, and see if we can get a lion." Mrs. Healy recalled, "A boma is a heavy thorn fence about six or eight feet high and built



MRS. HEALY AND THE LION SHOT BY HERSELF © RANDA

in a circle. It is usually perfect protection to the hunter, who crouches behind it and puts his rifle through the interstices. Lions have been known to leap it, but seldom do so.

"We made the boma and got inside with our guns. After we had waited for some time a lioness appeared. We didn't want her. Then came a big male lion. He walked calmly up to the boma until he came to the thorn strewn on the ground outside it for about four or five feet from the wall. I shifted my rifle to aim at him, and he must have caught a gleam in the moonlight, for he bounded away. Mr. Judd said that lions rarely approached so near, and that if he came close again I must shoot. In a few minutes he was back once more, making straight toward my end of the boma. He stopped about five feet away from me, although all I could see was the blur of his white chest. I shot at him—and missed," confessed the huntress, ruefully. "You wouldn't think anybody could miss at that distance, but I did!"

In the mean time she had achieved another of the desires of her heart, the shooting of a leopard, and a few days later came her great moment. The party was moving into a country where the natives said lions were plentiful. On the route there was an old machan, built some time before by Mr. Judd, where he said he had always had good luck. He suggested that they spend a night there.

"My husband and I settled ourselves on the wooden platform about 6 o'clock one evening," said Mrs. Healy. "We waited perhaps an hour before we saw a lion, although we heard them all about us. First, there came a young male lion. We could see him through the moonlit haze, and when he seemed to be in a position to shoot we turned the electric flashlight full on him. I brought him down with one shot from the big rifle I used.

"It was quiet for a while after that, and then we heard a very loud roaring, which came nearer and nearer. Suddenly it stopped, and for twenty minutes there wasn't a sound. The lion had paused, out of sight in the cover, to investigate the ground before proceeding further. At length he came into view, and my husband said at once, 'That's a huge fellow—you'd better take him.' I aimed carefully, when he was about thirty feet away, and I got him with one shot through the head," Mrs. Healy narrated with justifiable though quiet satisfaction.

What do you suppose happened next?

The pair of blasé nimrods admitted to each other that they didn't think they could keep awake till morning, and they were dreadfully afraid the hyenas would spoil the two lions Mrs. Healy had shot. So they rigged a lighted lantern on a piece of rope and hung it down from the machan, where it would sway in the wind, to scare off marauding hyenas. Mr. Healy promptly "dropped off" to slumberland. Mrs. Healy kept awake long enough to see a few lionesses strolling around, quite indifferent to the corpses of the lions, and finally to behold a young male lion in the very act of cannibalism. He had actually begun on

THROUGH IN ALBANY BRAVES STORM TO WELCOME SMITH

Women a Feature of Crowd That Greeted Governor-Elect on His Arrival.

ALL ARE HIS FRIENDS.

Prospect for Most Impressive Inauguration in History of the State.

By Martin Green.
(Special Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 29.—With the prospect of Albany being completely snowed in by the first of the year, preparations for making the inauguration of Al Smith the biggest and most impressive event of its kind in the history of the State are progressing with unabated vigor. The Weather Bureau prophesies gales and blizzards, up-State is icebound, the wires are down in all directions, but nobody in Albany pays attention to such little things as these. All is here.

Judging from the welcome Albany extended to the Governor-elect from the old Fourth Ward yesterday, the inauguration is going to be a knockout, no matter how hard it snows. If there are not 50,000 people gathered around the Capitol when the new Governor delivers his inaugural address next Monday noon the prognosticators are all wrong.

The New York Central and Delaware and Hudson officials have arranged to clear every track that can be cleared in the Albany railroad yards and in the yards between Albany and Troy for the accommodation of special Pullman trains and cars which are scheduled to begin arriving here to-morrow.

Accommodations in all hotels, boarding houses and lodging houses have been engaged for weeks. Thousands of visitors will sleep in the Pullmans in the yards. Although it should be generally known through out the State that the hotels are sold out for the inauguration, requests for rooms are pouring in.

Large as the Tammany Delegation will be, there is no doubt about it being overwhelmed by the up-State visitors from points outside Albany. Troy, Cohoes, Schenectady and other cities and towns nearby. The discovery that there are Democrats in up-State communities where the species was supposed to be extinct has aroused a sense of pride that is taking the shape of a desire to exhibit said Democrats before representatives of the populace of the rest of the State.

In a somewhat extended experience with crowds, especially crowds drawn by events associated with politics, the writer of this has never seen or mingled with a crowd quite like that which braved a midwinter sleet storm yesterday afternoon to greet a Tammany Governor. It was the first crowd of the kind I ever saw in which

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

AUTO LICENSE OFFICES TO BE OPEN TILL JAN. 6

Bad Weather Causes State Tax Commission to Extend Time.

The State Tax Commission announced to-day that because of bad weather its five branches in the city for the distribution of automobile license plates will be kept open for another week, or until Jan. 6. It had been intended to close them on Jan. 1.

Hundreds of automobile owners were unable to get to the branches yesterday because of the storm, and it was said this condition will prevail for a few days. The eleventh hour rush, as a result, is expected to swamp the clerks. The five branches are at Borough Hall, the Bronx; Borough Hall, St. George, S. I.; the Board of Trade rooms, Jamaica; the armory at 48th Street and Broadway, and the armory on 14th Street. Besides these there are, of course, the two permanent offices, 65th Street and Broadway, Manhattan, and No. 217 Washington Street, Brooklyn.

Can Make Alcohol Out of Air, Say Scientists; Other Wonders

American Association for Advancement of Science Also Takes Fling at Popular Beliefs.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Dec. 29.—Ships and shoes and sealing wax and cabbages and kings were almost the only topics not discussed at the latest session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Here are some of the facts and ideas that did come forth:

Some scientists at Carnegie Institution, Washington, are working on a scheme to make alcohol out of air. There's no law against it.

When the earth uses up its stored power, according to Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, a new supply may be obtained from subterranean heat and oxidation, from tides, from the sun, and from the internal energy of atoms.

Also molecules, which now "cancel each other" by working in opposition, may be "harnessed separately" and made to accomplish something by team work.

Synthetic food, produced by sunlight chemistry, is a prospect, although those who are working on it still eat ham and eggs. Dr. D. T. MacDougal, Secretary of the association, said the scientific knowledge that men like Bryan and Dr. Stratton are trying to suppress

SINGER WHO MARRIES CIPRIANO ANDRADE JR. AT HOME OF PARENTS



MRS. CIPRIANO ANDRADE JR. PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIO.

Miss Donna Easley, Whose Father, Ralph M. Easley, is Chairman Executive Council National Civic Federation.

The marriage of Miss Donna Easley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Montgomery Easley, to Cipriano Andrade Jr., took place last evening at the Easley home, No. 247 Fifth Avenue, the Rev. Clarence M. Wilson, pastor of the Glen Ridge Congregational Church, Montclair, N. J., officiating. Only relatives and a few friends witnessed the ceremony, which was followed by a reception at 9 o'clock.

Mrs. Andrade is well known as a singer, and her father is Chairman of the Executive Council of the National Civic Federation. Mr. Andrade is the son of the late Rear Admiral Andrade, U. S. N.

L. AND N. REWARDS NON-STRIKERS WITH XMAS CHECKS.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 29.—The Louisville and Nashville Railroad on Christmas rewarded with checks for \$150 to \$350 approximately 1,000 men on the system for loyalty during the shopmen's strike. It became known here to-day.

RIVAL CLAIMANTS SHIVER, BUT STICK IN IRISH CONSULATE

Factions Still Playing Waiting Game and Watch Safe Closely.

With the steam heat and the electric lights turned off and the elevators not running, the rival Irish factions seeking possession of the offices of Consul General McGrath, given up by him on Wednesday, narrowed down to two men last night. Robert Briscoe of the Republican Army and Lawrence Crawford, who has succeeded Consul-General McGrath for the Free State Government, spent the night together. Each got a nap or two in the cold rooms of the Temple Court Building, Beekman and Nassau Streets.

For a while this morning a mysterious stranger, believed Crawford will be went out and got breakfast. Briscoe, waited until relief appeared and then did the same.

Mrs. Mary MacSwiney and other women who had sat in the offices all day yesterday watching the safe, which appears to be an important bit of furniture and is said to contain papers of interest to both sides, left at midnight when the cold became unbearable. Mr. Crawford has the combination of the safe.

To-day the opposing forces again are playing a waiting game. Lawrence Grinnell, an envoy of De Valera, it is reported, has arrived in the city, and is at the Hotel Imperial to take hand in the contest for the right to take charge of the offices given up by McGrath. It is said, after threats were made against his life.

THREW PAN OF HOT GREASE AT HIS WIFE.

Because he threw a pan of hot grease at his wife Julius Schmidt, forty, a cigarmaker of No. 564 Seneca Avenue, Queens, was under arrest to-day on a charge of felonious assault.

MEASLES SUBSIDING IN MORRISTOWN.

A decrease in the measles epidemic in Morristown, N. J., is indicated by the fact that only fifteen new cases were reported yesterday, whereas thirty had been reported on the previous day.

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